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HONEYED WORDS.

She: I AM SORRY YOU MUST BE GOING.

He: IT DOESN'T MATTER. WHEN ONE MEETS YOU HE IS ALREADY GONE.

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FEBRUARY

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

A UNIQUE feature of this Number is an album of original drawings by William Makepeace Thackeray, depicting *The Heroic Adventures of M. Boudin*, with Comment by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

The frontispiece is a portrait of EDWIN BOOTH, from the painting by JOHN S. SARGENT at the Players' Club, New York. It is accompanied by a poem by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Two papers on Finland appear: the first a *General View of the Country and People*, by HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., effectively illustrated; the second, entitled *Sketches in Finland*, written and illustrated by ALBERT EDELFELT. Bishop JOHN F. HURST, D.D., contributes an illustrated article on *English Writers in India*. In an illustrated paper entitled *The Heart of the Desert*, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER describes the Yosemite Valley, the Mariposa big tree region, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. THEODORE CHILD, continuing his articles on South America, describes Smyth's Channel and the Strait of Magellan. The article is fully illustrated.

L. E. CHITTENDEN contributes an article entitled *The Faith of President Lincoln*, and ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON writes concerning "Personal" Intelligence Fifty Years Ago. The fiction includes the second instalment of CHARLES EGERT CRADDOCK's new serial, *In the "Stranger People's" Country*, illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY; a story by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, entitled *Both their Houses*; and one called *The Bond*, by GERALDINE BONNER. The editorial departments are conducted by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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THE FEBRUARY CENTURY

CONTAINS

The first chapters of "The Faith Doctor," by Edward Eggleston,

A NOVEL OF NEW YORK LIFE.

The hero, a young man from "Cappadocia," who gets a position in a New York bank, and starts out with a resolve to know society in all its ramifications. This instalment includes chapters on

"THE ORIGIN OF A MAN OF FASHION,"

"THE EVOLUTION OF A SOCIETY MAN,"

"A SPONTANEOUS PEDIGREE," ETC., ETC.

This is one of the most interesting novels THE CENTURY has ever printed and will be widely read. The February CENTURY contains also a remarkable instalment of the Talleyrand Memoirs, being an account of

THE PERSONAL RELATIONS OF NAPOLEON AND TALLEYRAND,

with many new anecdotes of Bonaparte. Complete short stories by Joe Chandler Harris, Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Burton Harrison (author of "The Anglomaniacs"), are in this number. Ask for the "MIDWINTER CENTURY"; on every news-stand, price 35 cents.

A subscription to THE CENTURY, from February to November, including all of Dr. Eggleston's novel, costs \$3.00.

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Beware of substitutions and imitations.



RECIPROCITY.

Lord Fitzenston: GAD! BRITISH NOBLEMEN FURNISH THE MONEY TO RUN YOUR AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Miss A.: YES; BUT AMERICAN WIVES FURNISH THE MONEY TO RUN YOUR BRITISH NOBLEMEN.

"SO OLD MR. HUNTER ASKED YOU TO MARRY HIM!
AND WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

"THAT HE HAD BETTER ASK MAMMA."

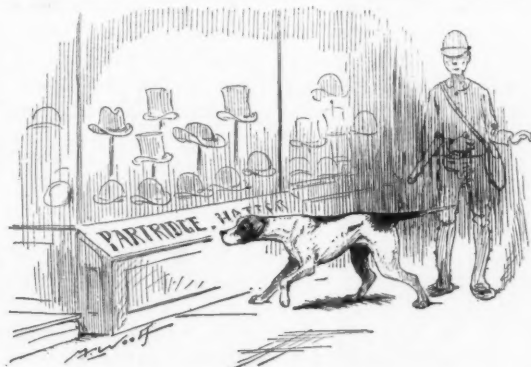
COULD BE SPARED.

JONES: We must make this banquet a grand success. Have you got some good cigars to give away?

BROWN: Oh, yes; they're excellent ones to give away.

TOMMY (*gazing after dude*): When I get to be a man, papa, will I dress like that?

PAPA (*severely*): No, Tommy; not if you get to be a man.



A MATTER OF INSTINCT.

TOO LITERAL.

TEACHER: When the wise men came to the king, what did they say?

BOY: They said: "O, K'ng, live forever!"

TEACHER: Quite right; and what then?

BOY: And immediately the king lived forever.

WHEN the lion lies down with the lamb, there is nobody to ask "Haven't you forgotten something, sir?"



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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No. 423.

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WE may all find what the moralists term "a useful lesson" in the recent demise of the Duke of Bedford. The astute and veracious correspondents tell us that his Grace was the richest duke in England—not even excepting the Duke of Westminster—and the average of ducal opulence is so high in England that the richest duke is very apt to be the richest subject. Large as Bedford's means were, it does not appear that his circumstances were comfortable, but so far otherwise that the correspondents aforesaid aver, and give good reasons for believing, that he took his own life.

It seems extraordinary for a moment that Bedford should have felt that he could afford to kill a man who was "worth so much" as himself, but the evidence is pretty strong that he did. One trouble appears to have been that he could no longer tolerate his own society. His contemporaries respect this impatience in him, for they report with much candor that he was a tyrant who never failed to exact the last farthing that was his due, and used the vast power that his property gave him to obstruct progress and make life additionally burdensome to his fellow men. He never forgave a debt, they say, or yielded any right that he could lawfully claim. Indeed, they give him such a character that you cannot help feeling some sort of grateful regard for the poor old man, in view of his services in abating such a nuisance as himself. Public regret for him takes the form of apprehension that his surviving son, who is said to resemble him, will follow his example from the beginning instead of from the end.

IN contrast with his Grace of Bedford, what an exceptionally successful gentleman our late Mr. Bancroft was. What a long, pleasant, honorable life he had, and how much he enjoyed it. What good care he took of himself, and how well it paid him. How creditably he represented the United States in foreign parts, and what agreeable relations he formed with the head men of other countries. And what

a fine, large history he wrote, and do you suppose that anyone except himself ever read it? It isn't much of a book to read, but it is indispensable to have in the house. That is the kind of a history to write. Those fellows like Macaulay and Froude, who make histories that people read are never out of hot water, and never enjoy that intellectual repose which makes so for longevity.

* * *

SUPERINTENDENT HANKINSON of the S. P. C. A. says it is cruel to dock horses' tails.

It doesn't hurt them, Superintendent, if you use cocoaine. But even if it was cruel you could not stop it, because it is the fashion. Now observe: if it is merely a fashion founded on folly, it will change presently of its own accord without interference. But if there is a sufficient basis of reason in it to make it persist the S. P. C. A. might as well let it alone first as last.

* * *

THE return of Miss Lydia Thompson to the stage recalls the fact that Miss T. is best known as the lady honored some years since by a favorite poet, in lines beginning: *Lydia, dic, per omnes, &c., &c.*

It will bring down grey hairs in glad procession to the bald-headed row to see Miss Thompson again on the boards.

* * *

FATHER IGNATIUS will rest a spell, and then tackle Philadelphia.

That is a mistake. New York's opinion, if well founded, influences Philadelphia.

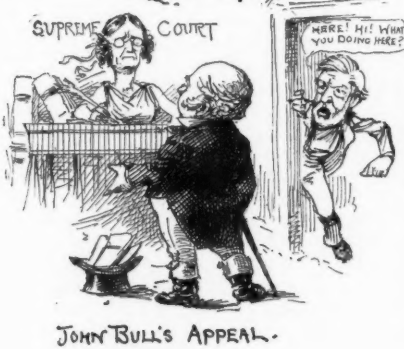
Let him try Chicago.

* * *

THE family of Mr. Hutchinson, of Chicago, have used the most effective means applicable to dissuade him from speculation. Their objection is that his judgment is impaired, and that when he gambles he is apt to lose. Inasmuch as Mr. Hutchinson is the gentleman known in his luckier days as "Old Hutch," the objections of his relatives seem frivolous. He had his turn when his judgment was better than his neighbors, and to withdraw him now before his old friends complete their revenge—is that fair?

* * *

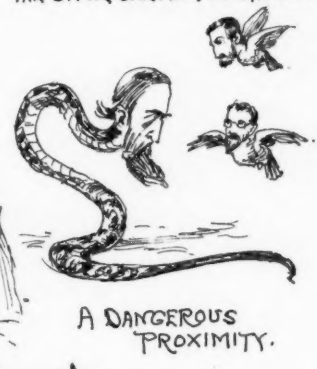
WHAT a pity Ray Hamilton could not have lived to read the testimony in his will case. Our neighbor, the *Sun*, thinks that possibly he did. Well, possibly. Meanwhile, is there not someone who could give an intelligent opinion as to the veracity of Messrs. Green and Sargent, who identified Hamilton's body?



JANUARY was not only a cold month in Europe but it developed considerable frigidity for some of our own rulers.

SUCH old-line Republicans as Senators Sherman, Hoar and Ingalls, and Secretary Blaine, have all experienced to a considerable degree that symptom of cold weather which consists in being left.

POOR J. G. B. ! On top of his failure as a perpetual candidate comes the pricking of his bubble reputation as a diplomat. He is probably quoting the late Mr. Wolsey's remarks about "Had I but served my country with half the zeal that I have served J. G. B.," etc.





THE POEMS OF CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

THE newspapers of January 21 chronicled in brief dispatches, the death, in Philadelphia, of Charles Henry Lüders, "the young poet." Readers of the magazines and of *LIFE* were no doubt reminded, by the item, of many lyrics, both grave and gay, which had given them pleasure, and to a few it brought the more acute feeling of regret for a singer whose gentle personality easily made friends of those who once had met him.

Although his work was widely scattered in periodicals, yet there is enough of it within reach, in the little volume "Hallo, My Fancy!" which he published with a friend in 1887, and in the chief magazines, to leave a distinct impression of his qualities as a poet. One can have no doubt after reading his best verses, that he has deep poetic feeling—and even in his lightest vein he was sympathetic and sincere. He wrote in a decade when all clever young men tried their hands at the artificial French forms of verse—and yet his few experiments in rondeaus and triolets were so well made as to seem almost natural. He preferred the simplest forms of verse with no tricks in them, and he caught the ear with pure melody and rhythm. The very frame-work of his poetry is modest, unambitious, and honestly finished.

* * *

THE feeling which rules all others in his verses is a love for nature—not the kind which drawing-room poets manufacture for summer use, but that which grows in the heart of a boy through long days in meadow and wood, wandering with idle will and senses alert for every color and odor of the fields. Before he knows what poetry is, he is imbued with the sensations and emotions which only poets can have. And all the rest of life for such a one—even should he live to old age—is a struggle to get back to the dear delight of youth in Nature.

One feels in reading over this young poet's verses that he was always striving to get beyond the walls of the city to sing in the free air. "The Captive Quail" which piped its clear note,

"Within the casement of a tavern resting
Beneath a tattered blind—"

is to him the pathetic symbol of the poet who must bravely sing on, though the noise of the city is in his ears, and its glaring houses shock his eyes.

"So with the poets: not to each is given
The power to rend his thongs!
And many a prison-bar stands yet unruined
'Twixt singers and their songs!"

"Still the free wildness of the waving grasses
Will linger in their lays!
Still through the window of each study passes
The bloom of countless Mays!"

ONE may venture to recall the eagerness with which he sought the healing of the woods a few months ago, when health began to fail him, and his sure hope that songs would come to him again when he heard the waving of the spruce and balsam in the night. After a month of it he wrote joyfully of the inspiring life, and, just the other day, that he had "become almost well in the mountains," only to develop a new phase of his illness after a time. And then he spoke modestly of his favorite poem, "The Dead Nymph," as "the story of my heart." That beautiful poem is surely the embodiment of all his best qualities as a singer, and the one by which his friends will like to recall him:—

"Never again shall he
The dreamer, the child of song,
Gliding at eve along
The still lake's margent, see
As he dips his shallop's oars
Close by the mirrored shores,
Her shadowy form of grace
Slip from its hiding place
In the gloom of sheltering ferns
Into an open space
Where the moon's white radiance burns.

* * *

Never again with lute
And love-song sweetly sung,
Will he lure her from among
The forest cloisters mute:
Nor from the shadowy shore,



OF GOOD FAMILY.

Proud Brother: YER KIN TALK ABOUT YER SULLIVANS AS MUCH AS YER LIKE, BUT I'VE GOT A LITTLE SISTER HERE KIN LICK ANY GAL IN DE SIXT' WARD, GIVE OR TAKE FIVE OUNCES—SEE!



"A CUTAWAY."

With songs, will he row her o'er
The cool moon-whitened calm
Unto the sheltered coves
O'erhung by blossoming groves
Of the sea-girt isles of balm."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

MARRIED IN HASTE. By Mrs. Anna S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

Dreamy Hours. By Franklyn W. Lee. St. Paul: Sunshine Publishing Company.

Business Pointers and Dictionary of Business Synonyms. By F. M. Payne. New York: Excelsior Publishing House.

The Modern Régime. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D. C. L. Translated by John Durand. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THESE ARE OUR FEELINGS.

THE New York *Herald* says:

"The Astors and Goelets, who support the Opera House, were particularly charmed to find that notice in their boxes last week requesting them to abstain from gossip during the performance they practically pay for.

From the public point of view the notice was, of course, most praiseworthy.

But—well, how would you feel about it if you were Mrs. Astor?"

We should feel like crawling into a very small hole. We should also regret, and with some mortification, that we could not "practically pay for" a public benefit without insisting on the privilege of making ourselves a public nuisance.

REV. KINDLEIGH: Such lovely weather as this is!

ART MUSEUM TRUSTEE (*sourly*): And on Sunday, too!

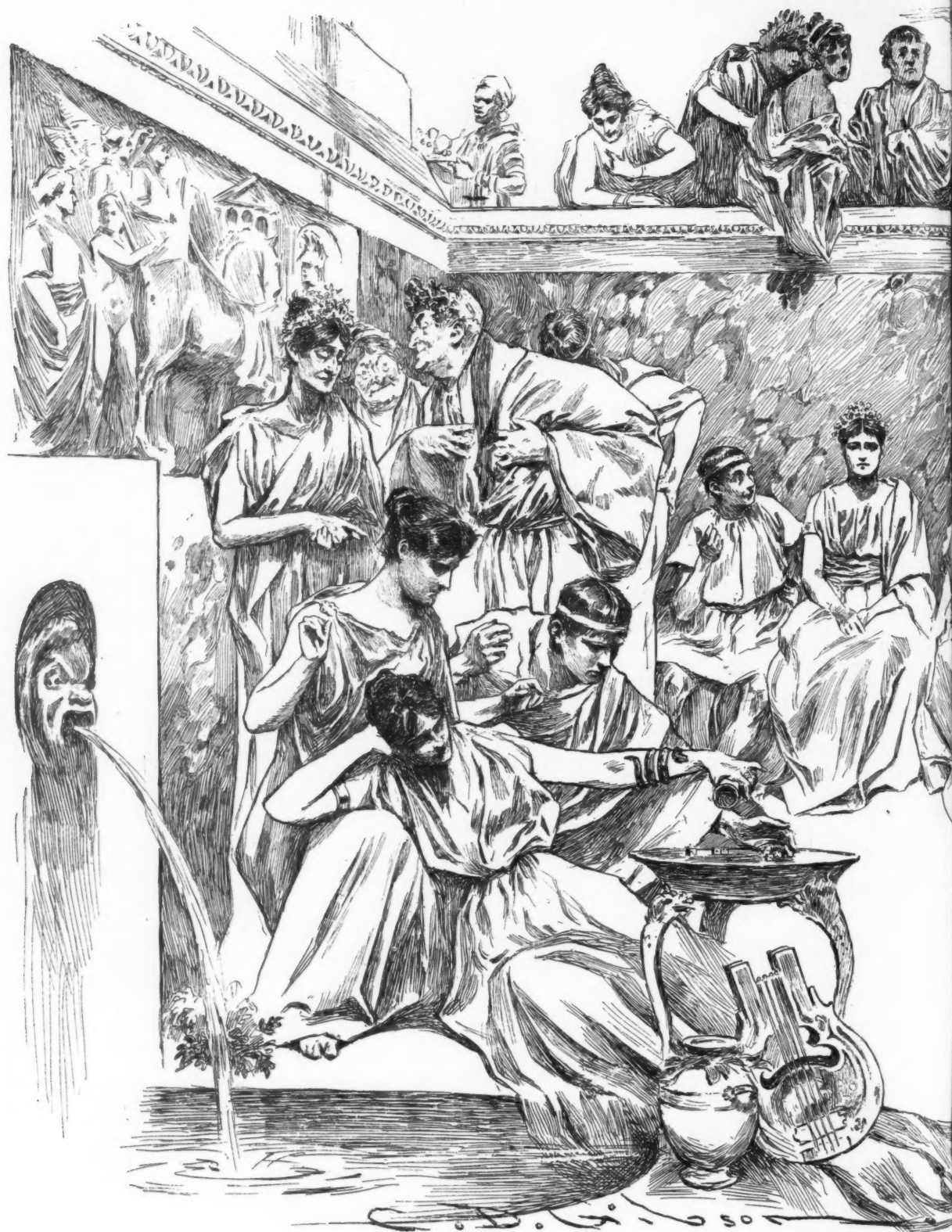


A LITTLE CONFIDENCE GAME.

"OH, MABEL, TELL ME THE TRUTH, NOW; IF YOU WERE IN MY PLACE WOULD YOU ACCEPT HIM?"

CERTAINLY. WHY, IF I HAD BEEN IN YOUR PLACE I WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED HIM MYSELF, THE OTHER NIGHT, WHEN HE PROPOSED TO ME."

PRIMUS: New York is an absurd name for this great metropolis, isn't it?
SECUNDUS: Yes; it ought to be called New Cork, if anything.



AN AFTERNOON REUN A



ON REON AT HERCULANEUM.



AT DALY'S.



IN reproducing such a play as "The School for Scandal," there is always the consolation of feeling no anxiety in regard to the merits of the piece itself. A better comedy was never written.

Miss Rehan's *Lady Teasle* is an excellent performance, and is also a decided departure from the traditional rendering of the character. Her impulsiveness and vivacity give a new charm to this familiar personage.

Sir Peter is less happily represented. Mr. Wheatleigh possesses neither the temperament, the physique nor the ability to do the part any sort of justice. The assignment of this rôle to such an actor is one of the mysteries which the audience is unable to solve.

Mr. George Clarke as *Joseph Surface*, adds not a little to the interest of the play by his consistent and finished acting. Mr. Drew comes off with flying colors as *Charles Surface*, and this gentleman is to be congratulated in the possession of a fine XVIIIth century profile that harmonizes to perfection with a wig and sword. Mr. Henry Edwards, who, as *Sir Oliver*, makes his first appearance in this company, proves himself a most desirable addition. He is, of course, very much at home as *Sir Oliver*, and it is a pleasure to see him upon Mr. Daly's boards. One of the most important successes of the performance is the *Sir Benjamin Backbite* of Mr. Sidney Herbert, who makes his first appearance in this company.

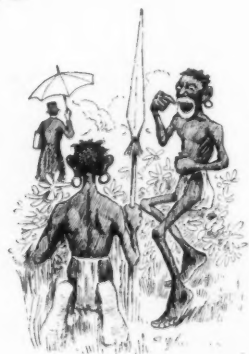
According to the programme, the play "has been arranged for this occasion by Mr. Daly." Now, "The School for Scandal" happens to be the perfection of a comedy, and there is a general impression in the community that the play as Mr. Sheridan left it, is fully as good as the "adaptations" we are in the habit of seeing at this theatre. While we respect the enterprise of the boy who painted a moustache on his grandmother's portrait, we are by no means sure that he improved the likeness.

THE present bill at the Lyceum Theatre is not up to the high standard that Mr. Frohman has established for his house. Mr. Chambers's curtain-raiser, "The Open Gate," although skilfully constructed lacks masculinity. The idea that a one-act piece must be pretty prevails so thoroughly that in this case almost everything but prettiness is eliminated, "Nerves" contains some amusing situations, but the whole



Voice (through the bread dough): MOTHER, I COULDN'T HELP IT; I TUMBLED IN BY AXIDENCE!

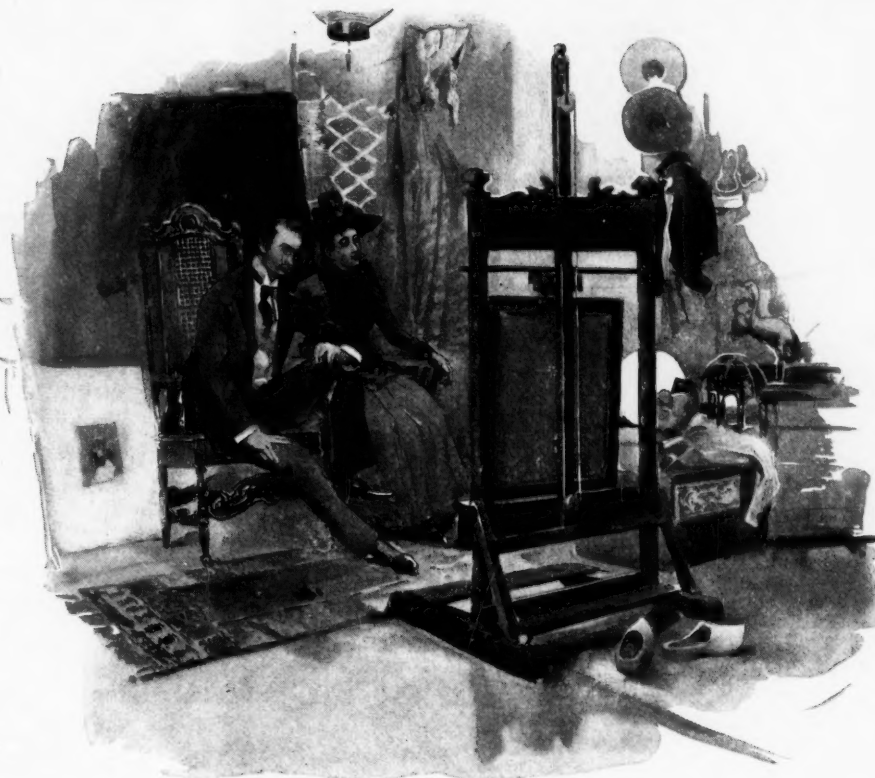
HOW A REVEREND GENTLEMAN HAD A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.



effect of the piece is disappointing. In the first place it is not especially adapted to the abilities of the Lyceum company. Miss Cayvan struggles nobly to get the minor tones out of her voice and transform herself from the tearful heroine into a vivacious French widow, but the effort, while creditable, is not entirely successful. Mr. Herbert Kelcey fights bravely against the tendency to be intense, which has become second nature with him. His endeavor is apparent, but it is also apparent that a wife who is only nervous presents too trifling a problem for Mr. Kelcey's energies. The fight between Mr. Lemoyne and his part is also conducted on unequal terms, and the cast throughout seems to be a misfit.

Of the play itself, it is only necessary to say that it was written to please a French audience. Then the French version was adapted to suit the English public; and the present idea is to adapt the American public to like the English version. That is, we get "Les Femmes Nerveuses" at third hand—a French play with an English setting, acted at an American theatre. Under the circumstances, it does not seem strange that the outlook for a long run is not promising.

Mr. Frohman's people are too clever to be wasted upon such a play as "Nerves," but fortunately Mr. Frohman is clever himself, and a change of bill is promised.



She: YES, THE ONLY THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE ENDURABLE ARE ART AND POETRY. BY THE WAY, DID YOU KNOW THAT THE YOUNG POET, WARBLE, WHO HAS BECOME SO FAMOUS, HAD AN ELDER BROTHER?

He: NO. WHAT DOES HE DO?

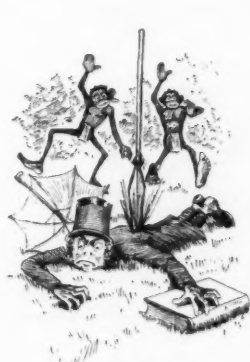
She: HE SUPPORTS WARBLE.

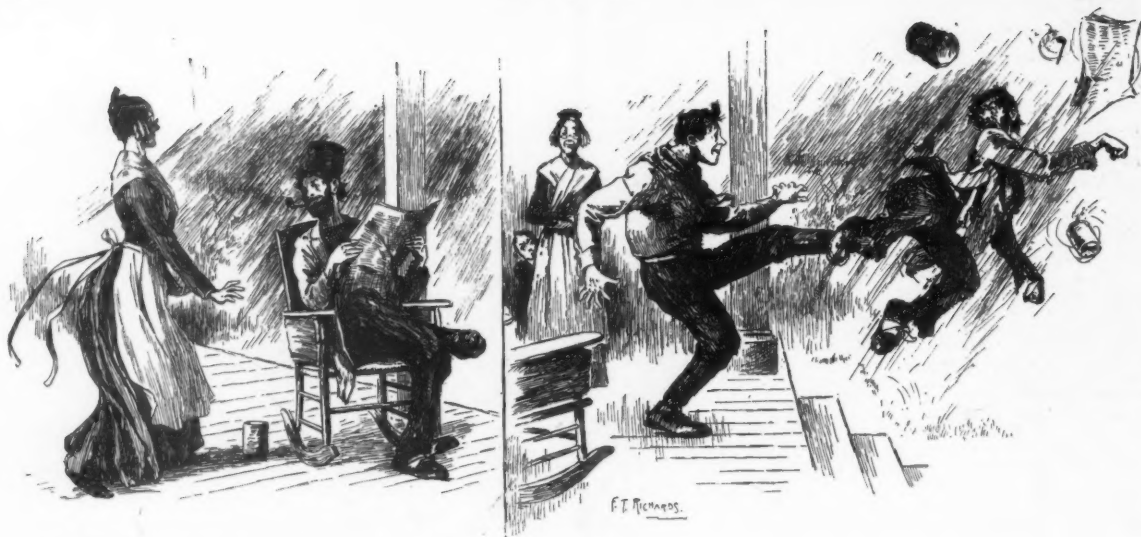
SO DID HE.

SHE (on their wedding trip): What is the whistle blowing for, Fred?

FRED: We are approaching either a station or a tunnel.

SHE: I—I hope it's a tunnel.





"WHY ARE YOU SITTING ON MY PIAZZA? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I THOUGHT I'D MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE UNTIL THE SUN COMES OUT."

THE SON COMES OUT.

THE JESTERS.



'TIS strange, and yet in all the tales
Of love and glory that are told
Of ancient Kings and all their Courts,
Or old Crusaders brave and bold,

My fancy does not dwell upon
The ladies of those olden times,
Nor on the Knights who loved them
then,
But on the man who wrote their
rhymes.

The motley fool with all his wit,
And ever quick and ready tongue,
On all his quips, and jokes, and jests,
And all the merry songs he sung.

And if the Buddhist bards be right,
And it be true that souls of men
Return from Paradise, to walk,
In human form, this earth again,

I know where those old jester's souls
The most congenial life would find,
And, as I write, I feel I know
A hundred of them in my mind.

In patent leather shoes they walk,
Instead of pointed slippers now,
And in the place of cap and bells,
Wear modern hats upon their brow.

A heavy overcoat succeeds
The ruffled doublet known of yore,
And long creased trousers take the place
Of gaily colored hose they wore.

But still their hearts are warm and true,
And still they play their pranks and capers,
And some have gone upon the stage,
And some write rhymes for comic papers.

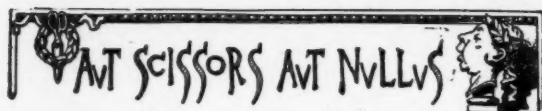
—James G. Burnett.



EXCEPTIONS FROM THE RULE.

Rural Visitor (on Bleecker street car): DEAR ME! HOW THESE CARS DRAG ALONG. I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WENT WITH A RUSH IN NEW YORK.

New York Host: THIS LINE IS OWNED BY PHILADELPHIANS.



MR. GEORGE ILES tells a story of the three graces that a Canadian parson pronounced at his table last holiday time. Some one had given him a turkey with all the "fixings," and over the first dinner the grace began with the words: "Most bountiful Jehovah." The next day there was very little turkey left, and the parson said: "For what we are about to enjoy, we thank Thee," etc. On the third day the turkey's remains looked like the keel and ribs of a ship just begun. Over that the parson said: "O Lord, we endeavor always to be grateful; Johnny, pass the potatoes."—*Argonaut*.

COLONEL X. was a South Carolinian, whose capacity in pints was greater than his ability in dollars. For years he had been in the daily habit of visiting the little village store and of going directly to the jug that held the whiskey and drinking a liberal portion without the preliminary of pouring it into a glass. One day the store-keeper turned just in time to see the colonel replacing the jug from which he had taken his customary deep draught. He grew white and stiff, for the jugs had in some way become displaced, and the one which the colonel had calmly set back was the one which held the village supply of sulphuric acid. The colonel walked out of the store without remark, and the store-keeper waited in terror to hear the news of his horrible death. None came, and the store-keeper marveled much. But the next morning, at

his usual hour, in walked the colonel, rosy and cheerful as usual. "Mornin', Jones," he said, as he made directly for the jug, "this new whiskey of yours has a queer flavor, but I don't object to it." "Has it disagreed with you in any way?" asked the amazed Jones. "Disagreed with me? Why, no. But there is one peculiar thing I've noticed. Ever since I drank it yesterday I've seemed to blow holes in my pocket-handkerchief."—*Argonaut*.

"In every house, Miss Powelson," said young Mr. Haybenshaw, with some agitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honored guest. In every heart too"—and he laid his hand impulsively on his own—"there is a spare room!"

"And we find one, too, in so many heads!" she murmured. "Miss Powelson—Irene!" the young man exclaimed, choking down a large and expansive lump of rising sighs, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you!"

"Only one, Mr. Haybenshaw?" she asked dreamily. "Do not mock me, Irene Powelson! It shall be a whole suite if you like. More than that! You shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so, and if that isn't enough, we'll tear down and build bigger." "This spare room—this suite of rooms, Arthur," said the maiden softly, "that you are speaking of—how—how are they furnished?" "In first-class modern style, Irene," replied the young man, with a business-like ring in his voice. "Uncle Bullion died last week." "Say no more, Arthur," whispered the lovely girl as she pillowed her rich blonde head on the young man's heart and listened to the wild thump! thump! that resounded through its spare chambers, "I'll take them."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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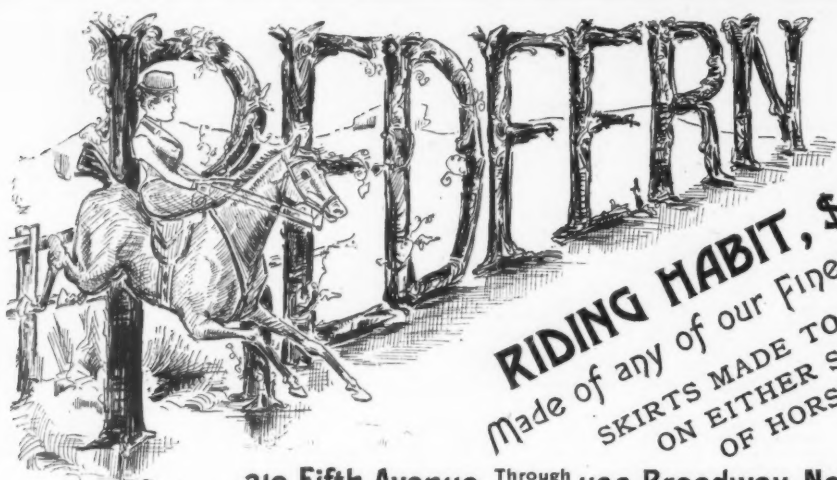
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CUSTOMER: Yes, and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open.

DEALER: Hem!

CUSTOMER: And yet it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches.

DEALER: I see.

CUSTOMER: And when the door closes I don't want it to ram shut like a catapult, with a crash that shakes the house from its foundations.

DEALER: Yes, you want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently.

CUSTOMER: That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to it.

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CUSTOMER: Well, show me one.

DEALER: We don't keep door springs.—*Tit-Bits.*



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"And Ethel owes me five," said mamma.
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EUGENE SMITH, secretary of the New York Prison Association, tells a remarkable story of the answer a thief gave to the question, "Is honesty the best policy?" It was in the Elmira Reformatory, where a class was undergoing instruction. A young man asked permission to answer the question. "I believe honesty is the best policy," said he, "because of a case where I knew it to work that way. See? There was two young fellows in New York and they was crooked, see? and they didn't succeed. They went to Philadelphia, and they turned over a new leaf and agreed to be square and honest. They opened a clothing-store, see? and they prospered. They got everybody's confidence, and they borrowed one hundred thousand dollars to enlarge their business, and then they failed and got away with every cent of the money, which they never could have done if they hadn't been honest. See?"—*Argonaut.*

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I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
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What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
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